

Would you ask me how I like the play  
 But as it is a school Boy's cannot say  
 I am well content: pray get my school  
 And let me look upon it: No man's fault  
 Then it goes hard I see: He that has  
 Lost a young handsome man, then from his face  
 The stranger, none be here, and if he will  
 Against his Conscience let him kiss, and kiss  
 Our Master: I am willing I see to say  
 That at the worst can come then: No man's fault  
 And yet with me not: I am not bold  
 He that is such a case: If the rule was made told  
 (For tis no other) and may contain it  
 For to that doubt but he it was meant to  
 We have our end: and he shall have one long  
 I have far many a better, to prolong  
 For old loves to us: we and all our might  
 Let at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Flourish.

FINIS

4

AMORVM  
TROILI  
ET  
CRESEIDÆ

Libri duo priores  
Anglico-Latini.

*Lat. by J. F. Kynaston.*



OXONIÆ,  
Excudebat Iohannes Lichfield,  
Anno Domini  
1635.

